

MCGILL DAILY

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Krassner pleases SGWU students

by Evelyn Schushelm

Paul Krassner repeated his usual stock of acid-yippie experiences yesterday at Sir George and the audience enjoyed every minute of it.

The editor of the Realist and author of a controversial article used in the Daily three years ago, was presented as part of a Civil Liberties Teach-in sponsored

by the Arts Students Association.

His talk consisted of several stories all connected in some way to the yippie movement and made complete somehow by his tales of things-that-happened-to-me-while-on-acid.

Commenting on the recent events in Quebec, Krassner described the invocation of the War Measures Act as "the kind of response a dying dinosaur would have to the changes around him."

He also commented on the close relations between Canada and the United States saying "there's obviously a lot of thinking and planning between the two countries on things like the War Measures Act."

Krassner touched briefly on the Chicago conspiracy trials and especially the treatment of Bob Seale, one of the defendants. "The original psychotic premise was that Bobby Seale should not be allowed to testify. When he was bound and gagged in the courtroom it was merely an extension of this premise."

Answering questions from the audience, Krassner got a chance to answer some of the attacks on him by Women's Liberation groups. "Anyone who knows me, knows that I am not a male chauvinist", he said. "Often humour can be misunderstood and in this case my jokes about women were taken as male chauvinism."

Paul Krassner really didn't have much to say and the audience didn't seem to know what to ask him. Only three questions were tendered.

As entertainment he's pretty good. The SGWU students were satisfied... he said exactly what they came to hear.



photo by Ric White

PAUL KRASSNER, seen here while speaking at the Civil Liberties Teach-in sponsored by the Arts Students Association of Sir George Williams University.

New Left hit by Howe invective

by Arnold Bennett

The New Left, guilty of elitism and Stalinism, has "recapitulated the entire disastrous history of American radicalism," according to Irving Howe, the social democrat editor of "Dissent."

It has totally misunderstood the nature of the welfare state, he argued, "and the consequence of its contemptuous attitude was that the New Left, mainly composed of students with upper middle class backgrounds, had absolutely no connection with the interests, realities, and aspirations of the American working class, and cut themselves off from it."

"All evidence indicates that there has been a strong, though not yet violent, reaction against New Left styles and methods among middle and working class people." But the radicals, "in order to defeat the liberal centre which they consider their main enemy," and in pursuit of polarization, have welcomed the growth of the far right.

Brought to McGill last night by Hillel and the Jewish Studies Program, Howe asserted that the first New Left phase of "populist fraternity" had been encouraging in comparison to "the sterile and somnolent Fifties," with its appeals to participatory democracy, egalitarianism, and non-violence.

By 1967, however, it had entered a new phase of "Leninist rigidity and sterile authoritarianism which made sure that despite its popular following it would never be more than a blown-up replacement of the radical parties of the past."

It was futile to explain to New Leftists who believed that their greatest enemy was "liberal fascism, that the evidence that you are not living in a fascist state is the ability to say that you are," Howe complained.

The third phase, which according to Howe has recently ended, was the "adventurist terrorism of the Weathermen and the Crazies, who abandoned themselves to ravings of blood."

He argued that the New Left's original platform of participatory democracy, of restoring content to democracy through mass involvement foundered because it was not realized that the right of non-participation was also valid.

Furthermore, the discarding of parliamentary rules in discussion opened New Left meetings to manipulation by tight little factions and charismatic leaders, Howe charged. As a corollary to this, "the notion that you can have a town meeting through TV sets is unrealistic, since only the loudest shouters will be heard."

He decried the transformation of radical spokesmen and movements into "sources of entertainment" by the media, and advocated that the "escalation of rhetoric" be avoided, since it implies lack of resources.

(Continued on page 3)



photo by Dave Leach

IRVING HOWE: "New Leftists have a contempt for liberal values, which is very different from having a contempt for liberal politics."

BSA irate over denial

by Donna Balkan

Members of the Black Students Association are irate over Council's refusal to grant them \$1500 for a proposed conference in Toronto.

The money was to be used to finance transportation and accommodation for speakers at the conference, which will be held on February 19th-21st.

The purpose of the conference will be to educate young Blacks to deal with problems in the Black community. Among the topics of discussion will be drugs, employment, housing, and the position of Black women in society.

The McGill Black Students group plans to send five busloads of students to the conference, most of these from Montreal high schools.

The speakers will be from all across Canada and the United States, as well as from Caribbean and African nations. These include the renowned playwright Leroi Jones and members of the Liberation Struggle in Trinidad.

The Black Students Association is uncertain as to how the money will be raised. They hope to re-

ceive some donations from high school student councils, but they do not think that this will cover the necessary cost.

Apparently, there was some misunderstanding between the Association and the Council executive.

"Council had led us to believe that \$1500 would be a reasonable request," stated Sally Cools, a member of the Black Students executive. However, Kevin O'Connell, Students' Society Internal Vice-President, made it clear that "every organization on this campus has been aware of financial restrictions regarding grants."

He added that the Black Students Association was by no means the only group to suffer financially. "Every club has had to battle for their existence because of financial difficulties," he said. "It's nice if you are in a position to finance projects, but..."

The implication is quite clear that the Students' Society is in no position to make substantial grants at the present time. Hut-ton Archer, Students' Society president, has repeatedly stated that the Students' Society could

well go bankrupt unless effective steps are taken.

DAILY STAFF MEETING

There will be a very important staff meeting today in the Daily offices at 1 pm. All staff should try like hell to be there. It's urgent.

COURSE CHANGE

Change of course forms for second term courses only ("B" courses), for students in the Faculty of Arts and Science will be available in Room 109 for College Equivalent students and Room 111 for Upper year students, Dawson Hall. Forms will be available from Thursday, January 21st to Thursday 28th, and the Forms must be returned to the same offices on or before Thursday, January 28th.

McGill and Québec

A university that is forced to fire good professors, chop valuable institutes and abandon historic museums is in financial trouble. Compound this with an altogether shaky academic picture (departments in disarray, more serious faculty cuts on the way) and a probable case of bad planning over the last few years, and you have ample cause for concern about such an institution's future.

It's natural (and necessary) to try to look for a context that will both explain and give guidance. This is what the authors of Wednesday's COMMENT "McGill year 150, Quebec year 11" tried to do.

The conclusions of these authors can be summarized thus: Because McGill's problems (financial and academic) are rooted in a reluctance to face up to its changing role in a changing Quebec, it is futile and retrogressive to continue to appeal to the economic elite upon which it long depended; which McGill "supplied and maintained". It's time now, one has to infer from the article, to view McGill as another dinosaur slowly dying in the dynamic new Quebec. And even slick events like Sesqui won't help in securing aid from a scared English elite who see McGill more and more as "a bad investment."

This approach is both incomplete and hazardous, apart from being fatalistic. It fails to consider two important questions: the possibility of other, equally important, reasons accounting for our financial trouble; and, the nature of the changes in Quebec.

McGill's financial ills can't be examined in a Quebec context alone; its dilemma is much like that of universities everywhere. In the US even the richest institutions of them all — places like Princeton and Yale — are now experiencing serious money troubles. And in Quebec McGill's trouble is duplicated in faculty-cutting and cost-saving programmes by all the other private universities, French and English. McGill's troubles surfaced sooner because its planning has been poorer.

All over the place we find the end of the multiversity expansion boom and the beginning of an awareness that universities haven't been the economic salvation they were expected to be. Because McGill gets the vast majority of its funds from the government it is nonsense to discuss its troubles without looking at changing government policies in Quebec and the additional effects of rattrapage.

Also, it is foolish to accept without questioning either the inevitability or the desirability of the changes being projected for Quebec. The three main parties are still the only possible sources of change in Quebec — to think otherwise you're romanticizing or you're wrong. And none of these parties have shown anything but bourgeois (sometimes petty) nationalism.

Yet, McGill must not be insulated. And yes, McGill must cease some of its pretensions and realize it will never be a Harvard or a Yale. But to jump from the feudal era into a potentially isolationist and nationalist period is more than mere folly. It is destructive.

The English as English have a role to play in solving Quebec's problems — especially since so many of these problems are common to the rest of Canada.

The immediate future for McGill won't be very pleasant. What will be crucial will be our willingness to do more than simply complain and adjust as cuts are made. We must come up with an entirely new perspective.

Joey Treiger

The politics of underwear

An article appearing in yesterday's Daily ("Collusion on a Lower Level") reports an agreement between South Africa's largest manufacturer of underwear (Desiree) and an Israeli firm to construct a \$9 million dollar plant in Israel. The authors, the Africa Research Group, declare that the significance of this arrangement lies in the opportunities it provides to both countries for accumulation of foreign currency. They go on to explain that this currency is crucial for the purchase of expensive military equipment and to attempts at "developing advanced capitalist economies" in the two countries.

The authors certainly bend over backwards in their attempts to equate Israel with South Africa. It is difficult to understand how a small time deal between an Israeli and South African firm could provide the funds for arms pur-

chases. Desiree is going to have to sell a lot of underwear for its taxes to finance a single \$8 million dollar phantom jet. Furthermore, there is no evidence of this "collusion" on a political level; Israel has consistently and resolutely condemned apartheid at the United Nations. Sixty-two percent of Israel's economy is publicly owned, a larger proportion than "progressive" Egypt, Syria, and Iraq, or for that matter Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. Compare this form of "advanced western capitalism" with South Africa where private enterprise is more established than in the USA. South Africa's war to defend the brutal suppression of a black majority by a white minority can be compared with Israel's war, where defeat would endanger the very lives of the populace, only in the most twisted or perhaps calculating mind.

But all this aside, why has Is-

rael been singled out in this case? Why not mention the numerous African states who proclaim their enmity to South Africa while at this same time conducting economic relations with her (e.g. Zambia and Tanzania)?

The Africa Research Group has written a very clever, slick, article. Lacking the guts to even try to understand the immensely complicated situation in West Asia, they avoid the problem by labelling one country as a demon. Unable to prove that Israel is capitalist, fascist, and racist, they condemn her by association alleging collusion with South Africa on the basis of a petty business deal. This neat little bag of tricks is then packaged in the innocuous form of a news item and passed on to the uninformed reading public of Canadian universities.

Peter Shizgal
Joey Treiger

Letters

Acts of treacherous trickery

Sir,

This letter is dedicated to those Sir George students who hardly gave a chance to Mr. Jérôme Choquette to speak at Sir George Williams University last Monday.

In my opinion I think it was grossly unfair to not let this man speak without being continuously insulted in the now famed terminology of 'pig', 'fascist pig' and even in other disgusting unprintable phrases.

It is true that the government that Mr. Choquette represents is hypocritical and treacherous. As an example of this there is the gradual phasing out of English-language schooling in the province. The education minister, Mr. St-Pierre, says that English-language schools will teach 40 per cent in French by 1977. (He doesn't have to add that this will become 100 per cent soon thereafter). I call this treachery on

account of the fact that the Liberal government got 45 per cent of the votes in the last provincial election because many people who appreciated English schools voted for this same government.

I see the hypocrisy of this government by its seemingly coming out with a measure such as this one just before a by-election in Chambly (a county with fairly high separatist support), a measure that could get it votes from those who are on the borderline between federalism and separatism.

Mr. Bourassa, leader of this government, it is also true, is a liar and a con man. He has always known that he could not come up with his life-saving 100,000 jobs (they seem to be presently tied up on a mole hill in Timbuktu), but he promised them and now it seems that he has to start lying again by giving us reasons why he can't come up with them or, better still, by saying that we misunderstood him and that he actually never promised them.

Mr. Bourassa is the man that when asked last year what he thought of the Quebec pavilion at EXPO 70 in Japan sitting in

the midst of a controversy over those who said it should fly the maple leaf alongside the fleur-de-lis and those who wanted only the fleur-de-lis (the Quebec pavilion since the opening of the fair had been flying only the fleur-de-lis) gave a sly smile to this. He was told that someone in the pavilion had taken the maple leaf and had decided to fly it with the other flag. It seems that Mr. Bourassa did not think too highly of the Canadian flag, even though he won the election on a federalist (supposedly Canadian) mandate.

The Liberal government, of which Mr. Choquette is part of,

(Continued on page 3)

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Editor - Joey Treiger
Advertising - Gabor Zinner

Lean and Hungry

George Kopp

I'M TALKING WITH MCGILL'S 150-YEAR OLD ALUMNUS. THERE ARE SO MANY THINGS I CAN ASK YOU. WHY DO YOU THINK MCGILL IS IN SUCH FINANCIAL DIFFICULTIES?

BECAUSE THEY'RE OUT OF MONEY! ASK ME ANOTHER!

WELL, HOW DO YOU THINK THEY CAN GET OUT OF THEM?

FIRE THE ADMINISTRATION! ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!

ACH DU LIEBER! VERBOTEN! EIN NEIN-NEIN!

EIN NEIN-NEIN? I THINK YOU NEED SOME CHOICE, JA?

HE DOES THIS ALL THE TIME! DAS SESQUISENTENNIAL PEOPLES ORDERED US—NO POLITICS! NO EM-BARRASSMENT! HE'S STILL SUCH A GRMF! REVO-MMLP! LUTIONARY!

WHAT REVOLUTION WAS HE IN?

DAS INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION.

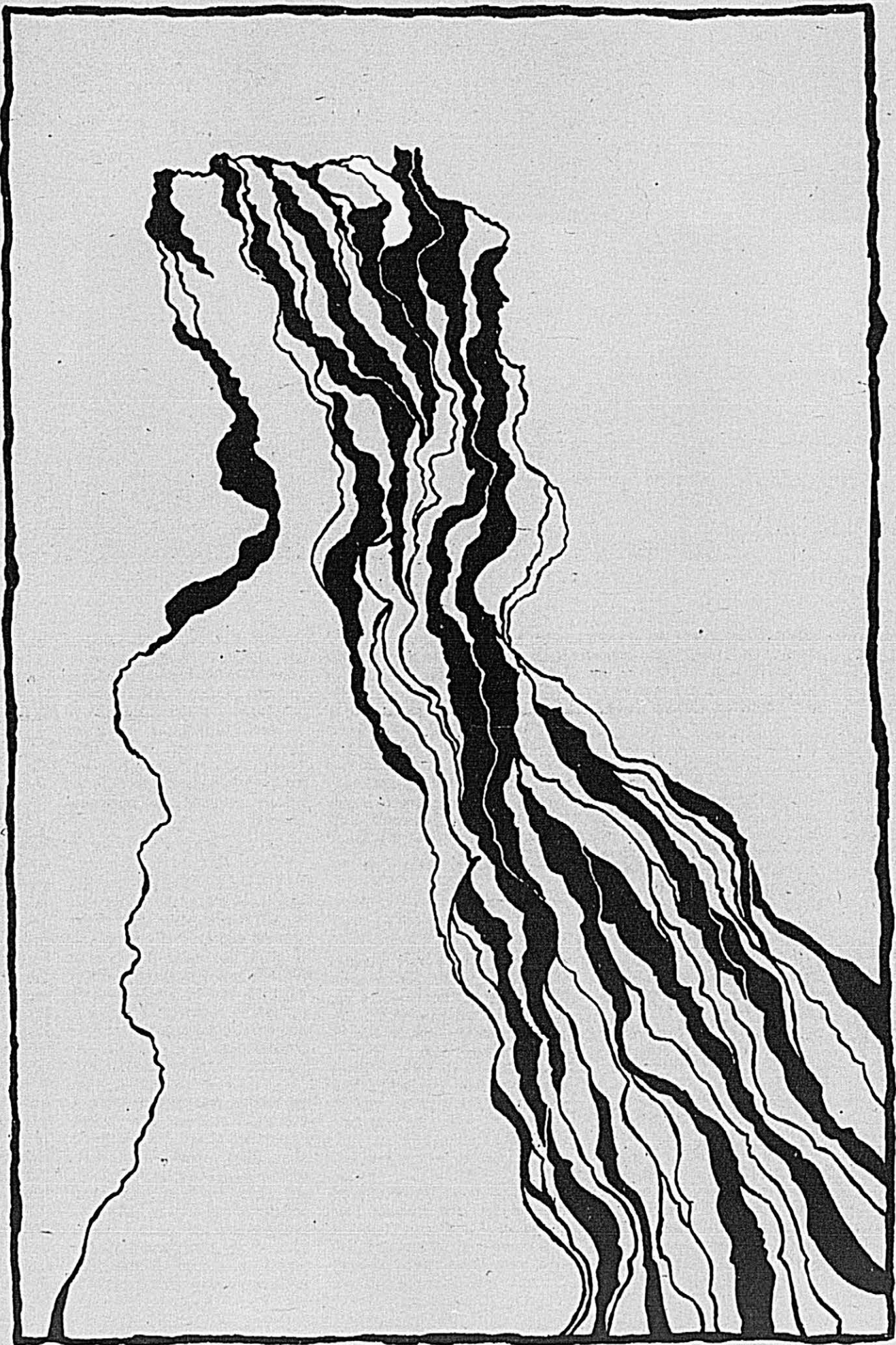
DEATH TO THE SPINNING WHEEL! LONG LIVE THE GREAT TEXTILE MILLS AND DYNAMOS!!

OY VAY.



the Supplement

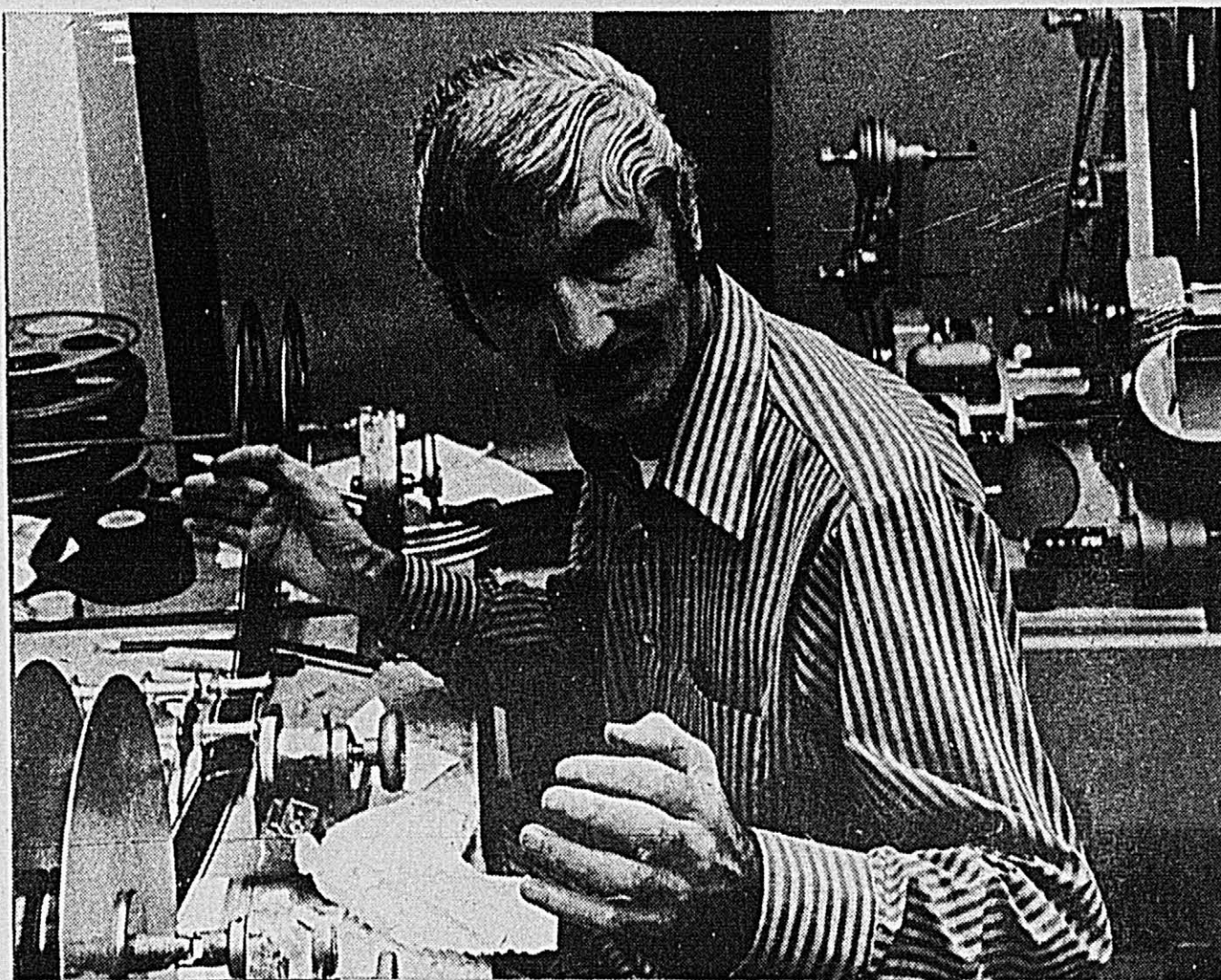
JANUARY 22, 1971



MCGILL SUPPLEMENT PRESENTS -
MUSEUM SCHOOL OF ART & DESIGN JAN 31 - FEB 14
WITH OTHER MONTREAL ARTISTS TO FEB 23
AT MCGILL STUDENT UNION

NORMAN Mc LAREN

INTERVIEWED BY
BRIAN SEGAL



Norman McLaren is perhaps one of the world's best known filmmakers both as a thinker and animator. His innovations have had a profound effect on the field of animation, and in this interview we attempted to get into the origins of some of McLaren's best known ideas, as well as explore some of the personal anecdotes connected with some of the most striking films.

For me the ideal way of making pictures is to make the sound and the pictures at the same time... bit by bit... you involve them in your mind simultaneously, but this is a very difficult thing to do. The sheer mechanics of the thing tend to prevent this, you have to either start with the sound, or do the picture and then the sound track. Just two or three of my pictures have been done the ideal way.

Pictures like fiddle deed dee or Beyond all Care, the music came first... because the music

activated me, it was the growing point. You know, I got excited by some kind of music, and thought, "I want to portray the spirit of this music on the screen."

Oscar Peterson... I worked with him, this is way back. I had heard his first record... and was very excited by it. I found that he was working in a night club in Montreal, and I went down and heard him play. So I went up to him and said, "your music excites me very much, I want to use it for a film. I invited him to come around the next day to see some films. I showed him Dots and Loops.

So we worked out for about four days, there had to be certain structure in the music... sufficient for titles, I wanted a mid speed, a slow speed, and a fast speed. These we involved on a theme of his own. He played many variations... he's terribly prolific... I had to slow him down, because I was starting to see pictures in my mind as he

was playing, I knew that the retina could not keep up with all this fast movement. He gave me ten versions of the calm scene, and eventually we went through the whole film this way. Whenever I noticed anything that sparked something in my mind, I said "stop, that is precious, you've got to incorporate it into your music. So we could work together in way which was almost ideal.

Spheres has a very peculiar history. The visual part of spheres was shot twenty years ago and I wasn't happy with it because I thought that it was visually boring. Also, I couldn't find music to go with it. Every five years or so I pulled out this film.

I had, at that time become interested in the preludes and fugues of J.S. Bach. (from the well tempered clavier). I felt right away that this was probably the right music for the pictures.

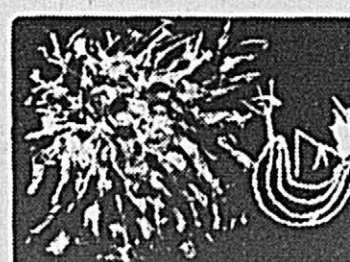
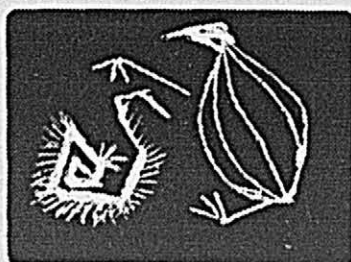
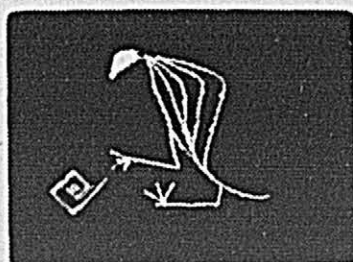
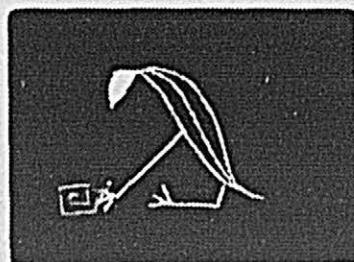
Spheres is a continuous thing, a very coherent thing... one movement flow into the other, and that into the next. All those preludes and fugues had this quality too, so I listened to them all, and found the ones that were in the right tempo. Some of the ones he wanted, too long so he cut them in the middle (keeping the beginning and end).

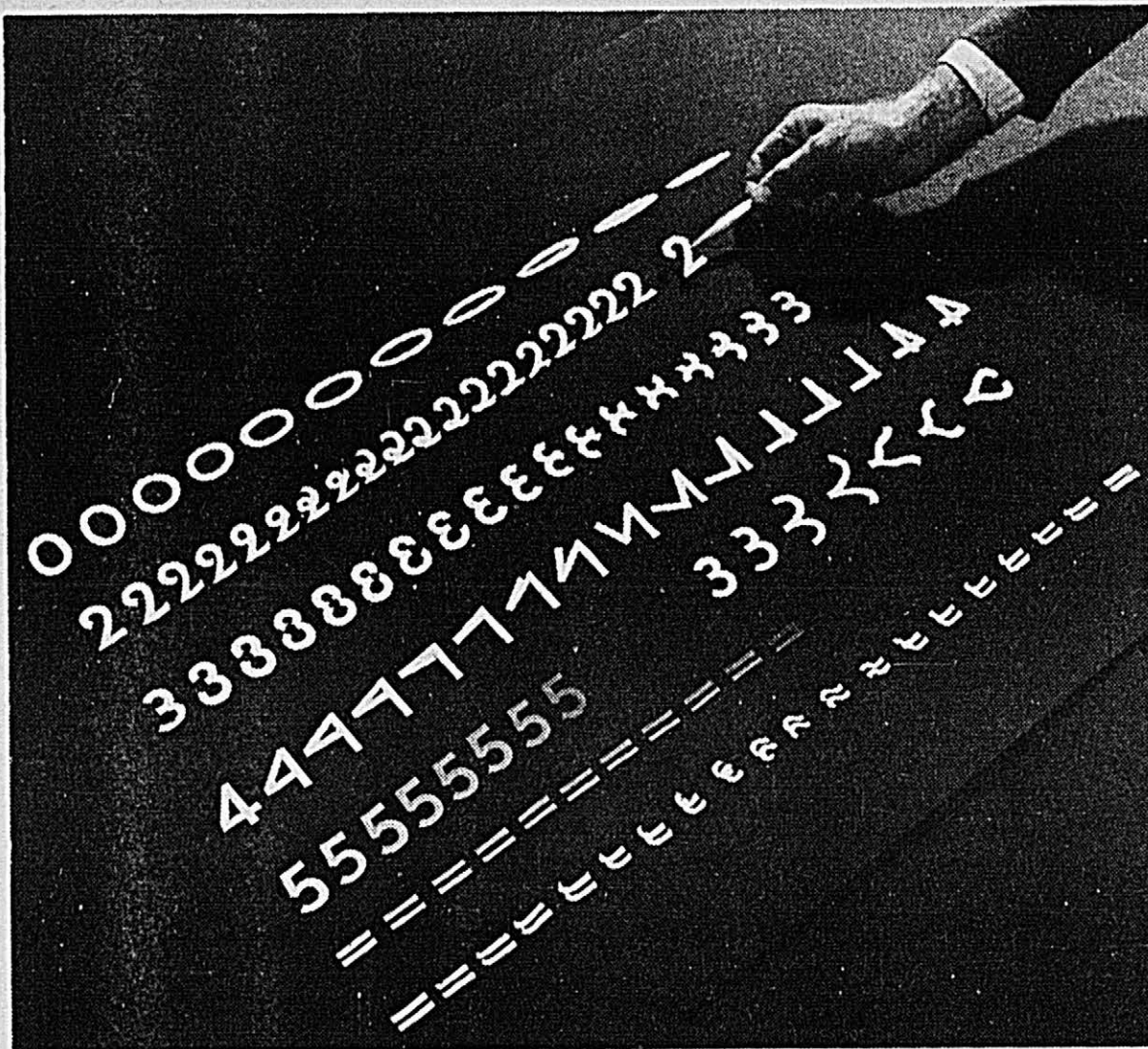
"I contacted Gould in Toronto and showed him the things that I had fitted together, first to get general approval. If he had said 'I don't like using that picture for my sound, I would have dropped it all. But he was excited by it, and he approved of my cuts, but he also suggested a number of parts to cut.

I started making film when I was about nineteen as a student at a school of art. They were all silent films. About 1938 I started working in a studio in London, and while playing at the moviola one day, I had a bit of black film in the sound side, and I had a knife in my hand, and I started scratching it, but because of the movement of the moviola

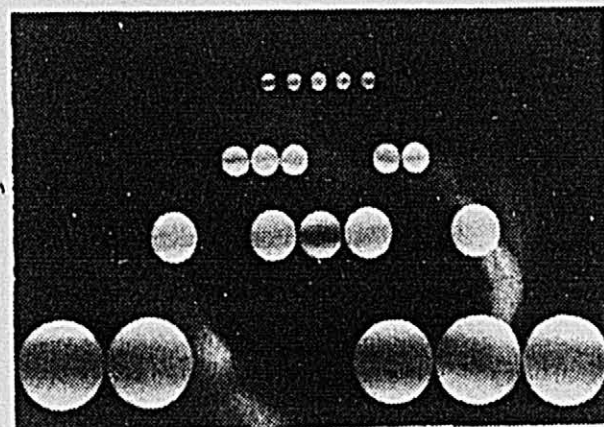
the knife bounced very rapidly. I stopped and ran back and played this and found that it created a sound. So I said to myself, can I make other kinds of bouncings, and other kinds of sounds.

I tried it and I got different kinds of bounces, so that got me excited about the whole problem of making marks on black film with a knife, I found that if I took a piece of black film, not on a moviola, but on a table top with a light behind it and scratched marks here and there not solidly (because most sound tracks are solid fluctuations) ... but I just made a tick here and a stroke there and a broader stroke there, and maybe three or four little ticks here, when I played them I got three or four completely different kinds of sound all percussive, all without any definite pitch. But they could be used rhythmically and the fact that I could lay the film out on the table top and measure it off meant that I had to control intricate rhythm, rhythm I hadn't seen in music or hadn't heard at any rate, that's how my interest first got started in that.

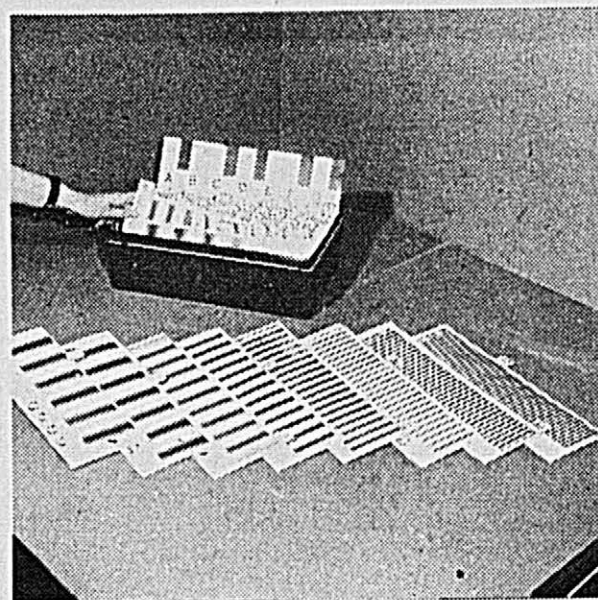




"RHYTHMATIC"



"SPHERES"



AN EXAMPLE OF McLAREN'S SOUND CARDS

In fact one of the first films I made for the G.P.O. — was a documentary about the whole mechanical process and it was full of panning from one machine to another and the machines were operating in different ways in different rhythms, and speeds and so I worked out a whole sound track for that but it wasn't used because it interfered with the commentary of the film.

Two or three years after that I moved to New York, I was passing through some hard times finding a job, and I found that the Guggenheim Museum was interested in abstract films and would be interested in buying any that I produced. I had not enough money to buy a standard piece of music I could find in a film music library, so I thought why don't I write my own. Since the film I was drawing on was a clear film, I was using a pen and an ink for the visual part of it I thought well, why don't I draw the sound on with pen and ink, which I did. It was on *LOOPS* and a couple of other films which are lost now. And so this method of working directly on film with pen and ink or with scratch-

ing on black film I've used periodically right up until quite recently but I've abandoned the drawing with pen and ink on clear film for the simple reason that the clear film picks up scratches and dirt while you're working on it and they record as noise, undesirable noise, and if I scratch on black film the black is very black and doesn't pick up any noise. So I've done films like *RHYTHMATIC* and *MOSAIC* by this method. And I may use it again depending on the kind of film it is, the kind of picture it is. That sound for instance in *Rhythmic* you hear almost exactly what I drew; in instance in *Rhythmic* you hear almost exactly what I drew; in *Mosaic* we get quite a lot with adding reverberation and occasionally filtering the sound, particularly the reverberation produces an entirely different effect. When I do it on the film it's a click, but a terribly dry click, if you're going to follow it backwards it is the same. But once it's put through a reverberation or an echo chamber it becomes something quite different, it lingers on, if you play it backwards it's a musician sound.

That is one most basic method of making music on film I had without using a camera. And another method is using a camera.

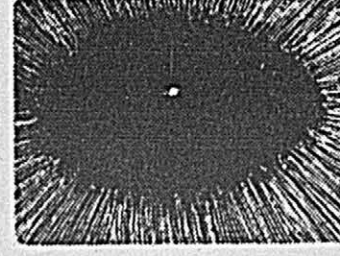
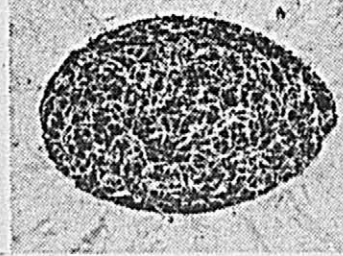
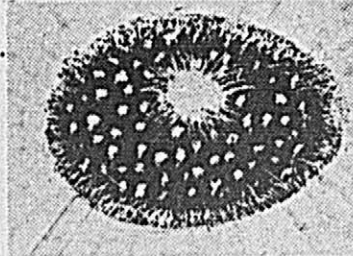
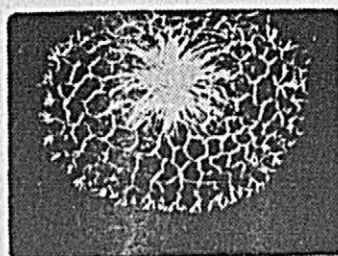
The origin of this is that when I was eighteen I saw a film, this was the beginning of the sound era, made by a German named Rudolph Benniger, he had made a film and a documentary showing how he had made the film and he also made a cartoon using this sound.

What he had done was made a lot of cards each about ten inches by two inches and each card had a different number of wiggles on it which controls the pitch according to the frequency of the wiggles; the pitch would be lower the pitch with a lower number of wiggles, and he had photographed this on the side of the film where the sound track is and he had produced music for this cartoon which was very exhilarating music and dance. It's exhilarating because of the speed occurred, it whistled like crazy because he could show a different note on every frame of film which means twenty four times a second. Your best performer can't go much above twelve a second.

I saw this film, liked it but never thought I would apply anything that I had gathered from it, but here at the film board many years later I found myself wanting to do my own music for a film and this film was *Neighbours*. The action was very highly stylized action although it used live human beings I couldn't visualize any kind of existing music that would fit very well. So I started to evolve a method of using cards, I tried many different methods and in this work (my collaborator Eve Lambert was working with me all the time too), we tried many methods, for instance: If you have a card on the animation table the animation camera is above it and can be raised or lowered to make the picture go down or because you get fewer striations on the film. We tried different experiments but finally worked out one method which we felt better than the others and resulted in producing 72 cards covering a range of 6 octaves one for every semitone, on the scale. And we shoot these cards just as we shoot animated picture: a frame at a time, select a particular

card, place it in a certain position on the table which will automatically, when the trigger's preened (?), photograph it onto the sound track, of the film. To control the loudness which Rudolph Benniger really didn't attempt.

Well, because we were using a different method, the black and white background on the card can be different kinds, it can be a wavy line, or it can be in stripes, we had used the striped method, which meant that if we wanted to control the loudness we just coloured up the card with the stripes with the black card, so there is a terribly narrow band of stripes meaning pianissimo and if the stripes were fully uncoloured we'd get fortissimo and gradation. We have over the years refined this method quite a lot. It's capable of producing a certain kind of music, it's difficult to be sustained tone such as a violin would make, and a voice, but it's very good for short notes like piano and guitar.



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Don Barrett
Chief Returning Officer

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WOYENGI: Auditions for "Woyengi" by Obtunde Ljimere. Union B-26-27. 2-4pm.

NEWMAN CENTRE: 3484 Peel St., Skating Party at Beaver Lake. 8pm. Party after that at the centre.

COMMERCE UNDERGRADUATE SOCIETY: 8:30 pm. Union Coffee lounge. Commerce Education Party.

WAA SKI INTRAMURAL: Jan. 27. Evening. St. Sauveur. Transportation provided. Contact Faculty Rep. or WAA office and have entries in by noon Monday.

SANDWICH THEATRE: 1:00 pm. Union Theatre. Grit your teeth at "The Lunch Hour."

ARAB STUDENTS SOCIETY: 1pm. & 7:30 pm. L19 and Union Ball Room respectively. Palestine Day: Mr. Abdeen Jabara. Attorney at Law from Detroit. "Recent developments in the Palestinian Revolution".

PRE-MED INFO: 12-1. McIntyre 620. Rap with Med students. **FACULTY OF MUSIC:** 12-4pm. Free. Redpath Hall. Beethoven Exhibition.

SESQUICENTENNIAL EVENT: 8:30pm. 8:30pm. Redpath Hall. Staff Composers. Students 50cents. **McGILL FILM SOCIETY:** 6:30 & 9:00pm. L132. Male and Female. (U.S.A., 1919) Dir. by Cecil (Beany) De Mille.

WOMEN'S INTRAMURAL SWIM MARATHON: Jan. 18-23. RVC and Currie pools. Only 2 days left! Come out and support your Faculty!

INSOUND: 2-8pm. Campus. 5pm: The City - News wrapup of the week.

PRE-MED: 1pm. Francis Seminar Rm: McIntyre Med. Dr. V. C. Goldbloom, Minister of State: "The Consequence of Medicare on Medical practice in the Province of Quebec."

WAA SYNCHRONIZED SWIMMING INTRAMURAL: 7:30 pm. Jan. 26. RVC pool. Last day to hand in entries to athletics office.

CHINESE STUDENTS SOCIETY: 7pm. Currie Gym. Orient Bowl basketball practice Hustle in everyone.

ANGLICAN CHAPLAINCY: 1pm. Yellow Door, 3625 Aylmer. Meeting to discuss folk mass. All welcome.

RADIO MCGILL: 1pm. Rm 327. Staff meeting. Attendance compulsory.

C.L.D.: 9-5. Stewart Biology N-728. Encounter Group.

MATH SOCIETY: 4pm. E204. Prof. J. Tate of Harvard speaking on "arithmetical questions on elliptic curves".

CHORAL SOCIETY: 3pm. 413 Union. Executive meeting. Emergency plans to make some bread for concert.

AMATEUR RADIO: 1pm. Union 401. Important meeting. Discussion on VFO and Linear repairs. All members must attend.

MARCHING BAND: 7:15pm. Bandroom. Hockey game-McGill vs. Laval. Attendance Compulsory. **SATURDAY**

M.S.E.A. Good Bye Columbus. Leacock 132. 6:00, 8:00 and 10:00 p.m.

FACULTY OF MUSIC: Beethoven Exhibition. Redpath Hall. 12:00 - 4:00 p.m. Free.

RADIO MCGILL INSOUND: Campus. Great music all day. 12:00 - 6:00 p.m.

(Continued on page 10)

FOR GOOD

by alexander housvater

The hole was big and black. The body still warm with our tears was spilled into it as the unwanted remnants of a delicious meal. The black was mixed with the yellowish sand, the brownish earth and a little hill was erected. It rained with flowers, all unrooted, deadly wounded.

I looked up at the sky, the little puffball clouds and the horizon, round, distinct and for ever present — but no sign of participation was seen. Nothing could move them from their peaceful neutrality — a state of witnessing the human world with neither attempt nor will to interfere. A man was gone, one life came to its end, no more suffering and decline.

Strong arms manipulated by muscles, filled with benevolence pushed me away from father and that life. I struggled with nails and kicks and tears but somehow I wasn't aware of my own feelings, so I gave in. On the way back I stepped on every stone burying it deep into the damp ground until fate, coincidence or rain will bring it up to the surface. But what is it I should have felt? What is it I felt? Could it be relief, or merely an inability to strive against the forces of darkness, those powers that victimize the ignorant and believing. Maybe I was glad he was at last at peace. But somehow my inner eyes could not penetrate the heavy curtain of the future, to view the kind of life I'll lead without him. But why not — as long as the source of imagination was there. I knew I lacked something. I was too old to miss paternal love and blessing. It was rather the object in reality — that little detail, strong in its existence which though unseen lies always at the bottom, as the foundation upon which fancy sticks brick to brick, image to image, in order to build up that dream or foresight that often looks truer than proved reality.

A pair of kind-hearted lips advised me to wash my hands and face before leaving the graveyard. An automatic "Why?" left my throat. From behind the servile reaction and the icy torrents rolling on my face I could still hear something like "It is illogical but.... The spirit of death should not be taken away with you.... You shouldn't dry them as....." And then the water stopped obediently from its race to death, but I could still see the lips moving, creating words, reproducing beliefs, superstitions, tradition. The wind blew the humidity of my thoughts away when we passed through the gates of the graveyard. I felt light and empty. My mind was dispersed everywhere and concentrated on ethereal material that became unexpressible, once outside of me.

The car drove, passed streets and fields that in full speed notify you how many miles remained till home. The same daylight, winter and fall, coming back from a drinking night or walking solemnly after hours of self-confession. But he was always in the background like that shadow you're so sure to follow that you don't need to turn back your head.

But now everything was heart-tearing in its stillness, habitual position and customary motion. No tree burst weeping with golden leaves; no man thought twice before plunging into the arms of professional merry-makers, one still could not cross "the Hugo Street" because of the little devils playing and cheating at football, the coffee-house parasites were hard at work creating and destroying destinies, lovers with clock-work precision met by the square, the market.... the market full as usual, smelling of flesh and... of yelling, ferment and fear of pickpockets and police rhythmically murmuring through my veins: "Today is Thursday... tomorrow Friday... yesterday was Wednesday, just as a week ago....."

"What is man?" exclaimed the old relative sitting by my side. "A man is nothing, coming from ashes in order to return there." "A man should make most of it, while alive" said her husband, his thoughts running to his young assistant who during his absence might have ruined the daily profits of his little business.

The car startles up climbing; Joseph's kiosk, open day and night, quickly passes by, the thick tree, the shapeless museum, we are home. Inside, the darkness was floating in the air (like mist) too seared to mingle with the lower elements and perdition. I entered. My head ruled by its usual impulse turned to the left wall, but no reflection of the movie-star, the basketball player or the playboy I used to make, or any feeling of self-pity invaded my being. The frame was there but no mirror. On the floor, a blanket — my bed for seven days, the very instrument to squash mourning laments out of me. Pushed down, I sat.

My shirt, black as the closed tomb was torn by the collar. "Why?" I heard my voice shouting. "There is an answer to every question" answered the pious man of the family. But I was al-

ready watching my right leg that having been lifted up landed into big, leathery hands, which robbed me of my shoe, "No shoes allowed."

Then the front door started dancing: friends and friends of friends, relatives, colleagues poured in. They would shake hands: "God bless him, what an extraordinary man he had been," sit down and stare into my eyes, examining, exploring, expecting. Somehow I could not reward them with tears, somehow the pain had paralyzed my ability for coping. "The only son....."

Then everything deviated to the field of weddings, Mrs. Tacy is going to marry her son to a girl on the 26th, Miss Marice, 50, will marry a jeweller who has agreed to it just because she owns a well-furnished flat. But no event or rumour could diminish the popularity of Aunt Sally who at 65 and after much deliberation has agreed to offer her hand in marriage for a six months period of experiment. But then they would always come back to him: "He had been so young!" — "Such a father!" The ladies would kiss me, leaving the prints of various firms on my burning cheeks, the man would shake hands whispering hurriedly their own different philosophies of life — different in the choice of words. This first wave was gone leaving behind doubts and yearnings for communion.

Once alone, I tried to build up in my mind the features of his face leaning over me in dark, shooting fire in view of disobedience, melancholic at delay and postponement, I could see him, it was he lying on a hospital bed blaming the world and himself for weakness and disease. "This is the last phase," he would say, his hairy chest going up and down like a car without fuel before stopping. The air was suddenly solid; he would push it inside his lungs with the power of his will. Then he would move to the wall fixing an immovable point on the ceiling, his breathing being answered by the echo of his breast, it was a pit; a well into which a bored kid threw stones with precision and regularity. Then his eyes would gravitate upwards — his blues touching mine without holding them.

"Father" I would say, feeling embarrassed for having aroused the pity of the patients and their families. He was lost, but yet the hair on his squeezed arms, rousing, proudly like the vegetation at the foot of a palm-tree, the black round watch on his wrist that has never been in debt, the long fingers, strong though pale, his ears at the end of which some rebel hair, yet grey has barred the entrance to sounds and logic. I wanted to cry; I ought to cry for the people around, for the lost image, for him.

Evening fell. Darkness has always invited my fancy to spread itself in a devilish hora with reminiscences as partner. But now, everything was bound to a state of inability. I do see him years ago, his palm, like a nest on my shoulders, drawing the curtains of life before me. He filled me up with his easy conquest of women, his justice, leisure and generosity in love.

Even when he had been for days and months away I used to feel myself chained to the very wheel that he turned for himself to be turned on.

We communicated.... "Communication..." His letters.... His clothes? There they were, the brown suit, the blue and black ones, his shirts, white as the face of death's spectators and his pairs of shoes lying quietly in the right corner of the shelf, rather astonished for having failed to follow their master. All was there just like his desk, his chair, his bed, but somehow they looked and felt empty. I needed him, the clasp of his hand, the confirmation of his being.

I went out, "to breathe fresh air," The rain fell filtered by the clouds that sometimes seemed rolling down in an earthquake of light and roar. The deserted streets looked like mirrors into which the skies refused to look. My legs le(a)d me — my mind lost behind the vague awareness that if he is not by my side, he is in-existent. The sea, the shore. The waves starting bravely on their way retiring obediently, yet defeated. Here I used to bring on the suffocating nights of summer, young girls to cool my boredom (off). I thought to be the supreme ruler, but at last it turned out that I was nothing but a (servile) serf, victim of their loving under the impression of love and my.... How strange the sea was attacking the shore on the retreat. I hid my shoes on the roof of an old house, painted in old white on which a signal sounding like wood informed the puritans that here were the wardrobes.

"I'll race the wind, my shadow and my sorrow!" As I was running I tried to recite that poem he liked — but the last word of the second stanza did not rhyme with the last word of the fourth stanza, so I gathered that the correct verses had been lost in the ferment of emphasis of distressed feelings. I did not run much but my heart was knocking on my ribs, looking for an undefended spot through which to escape from work and devotion, to freedom and tranquility.

I sat down. The sand was wet. The sands were moving. The train was increasing, strengthened, falling on my conscious mind like the waters of a cascade. There was no shelter in view. The more I cared; for this was the same water that baptized my father's corpse and memory. But there was no organist in me playing ceremonially in order to connect the earth to Heaven, the new soul to its congregation.

It appeared before me abruptly when my eyes saw the cavern inside the rocky hill, assailed by the sea — my inner sight noticed only the underlined letters "BLACKOUT" at the end of a playbook. Once there, I took off my coat and sat on it. For a very short time. It was the same breathing, accelerating like a driver without brakes, the same kind of attentive nervousness, almost on its way to blow out, always lucid and absorbing. I was scared for a moment, but then she came in and leaned on the wall, her hair soaking, her white rain coat dragging

her heavily to the ground. She looked at me. She did not see me. I saw her face, but not her features. Was she holding everything on her shoulders? And so we stood there with the rain between us after having brought us together. I noticed her arm. It hung as if nailed to her shoulder. The finger were rhythmically but visibly unintentionally playing the drums, equivocal.

There was silence, but not the calculated one at the back of which lie preparations, stratagems of defense and attack, self convincing formulas and apologetic syllables.

I came closer.... unattracted. By myself I looked at her. Her eyes were clear.... the rain on her twinkled like tears. I took hold of her hand, my fingers violating the quiet vegetation of her skin. Our hands were locked in an unbreakable clasp. I felt my heart calm down... the sea in motion became a distant picture enlivened for one moment of reaction. My other hand unbuttoned her coat and blouse. She was white... like the foam... like the view. We embraced like a coat and a nail... our hearts being transplanted away into two separated caves, a moment of eternity, (a work of art.)

I didn't touch her lips... I didn't feel her breasts. She was there before me, open and uninviting. With mechanical gestures I came to her. I expected to hear her yell, the nearer I came, but she was still. When there was nowhere to go... everything stopped. I didn't feel her warmth... I didn't feel I gave warmth. Then I felt him... robust, heavily seated but boiling with desire and expectation. He would snatch me away. He would teach me to live by living, his smile... his teeth on my ear.... I froze... I bubbled. I felt the dampness... I saw the boat, and we in it rowing, everyone in a different direction so that the boat kept turning and turning in semicircles.

On the way home he lifted me up on his shoulders.... giant-like and far-seeing. I would feel his strong neck move restlessly into me, until tired it will bow forward in search of a bench. "Father, don't leave me, I can't bear to be away from you. Turn the table clock up-side-down and let me be ten for ever...." Flames rolled in my body and like in a volcano they slowly rose to the top. The girl caught fire as well... She trembled convulsively and held me prisoner to her, unconscious utterances, charm and force. I felt the lava burning everything on its way. My father too. We were like two burning torches which having rolled into the water, turn it into a fiery lake. Then I waited inside her. I begged her to hand him back to me. She was up and as if by charm, dressed. She knelt before me, covered her face with both hands. Staring at me through her fingers. I turned my head away, calling father by the names he used to call me.

When I looked up again, I realized she was not there.... I felt hollow, walking along the stormy sea, I knew I lost father again. For good.



Definitions of creativity are multiple but each involves the notion of novelty. Something new is created. Bruner calls creativity "an act that produces effective surprise"... "The triumph of effective surprise is that it takes one beyond common ways of experiencing the world." This definition of Bruner's is useful because it takes in both the creative product and the creative process. Whatever the quality of the final product, the creative process would appear to be the same in all artists.

There are several attempts to explain this creative process. I will focus on two main streams of thought. One is the structure of intellect theory of Guilford which explains creative thinking as characterized by certain qualities of the mind. These are presumably partly "given" and partly learned. They may be summarized by the term divergent (as opposed to convergent) thinking. In the arts the essential characteristics of creative thinking are fluency, flexibility, originality and elaboration.

The second stream of thinking on creativity is to explain it as an essential characteristic of all men, identifiable as "man's tendency to actualize himself, to become his potentialities". (Rogers).

Schachtel defines it as man's openness to the world and to his own inner energies. Schachtel feels that the creative person has retained an openness to the world which enables him "to go beyond embeddedness in the familiar and in the routine and to relate to another object, or to the same one more freely and from another angle, anew, afresh" with the wonder of the child (p. 241). Creativity is not restricted to any particular content. Rogers believes there is no fundamental difference in the creative process evidenced in a painting, a symphony, invention of new instruments of death, discovery of new procedures in human relationships, or creating or forming one's own personality.

Psychological studies of creativity have generally focused on the more dramatic and essentially unconscious aspects of creativity. These have been described as incubation, illumination or inspiration. However, creative thinking clearly involves a certain degree of problem solving. It may perhaps be better described as problem solving in which there is no correct or predetermined solution. The problem may be very internal and very personal but the solution which emerges in some form of product will be novel and will satisfy primarily the needs of the creator.

Kubie's concepts about creative activity are particularly relevant here. Kubie believes that creative activity is the outcome of the free interplay of preconscious processes in the psyche. These processes are presymbolic, that is, they are not logical and they

are not images. All forms of inner experience, stored in the mind in various ways (e.g. sight, smells, textures, sounds etc.) are reshuffled into new constellations by this play of preconscious processes. They may become accessible symbolically on the conscious level through the process of free association. Kubie compares free association to an

effort-free scanning device in which valuing and weighing of the normal sampling process is minimized. That is, in normal communication we weigh our thoughts before expressing them. In free association we allow all thoughts to emerge, thus making it possible for new combinations to take place. New combinations are rarely, if ever, found by

straining for them. Logical thinking results in logical problem solving — not in new creations. For Kubie, the creative person is one who "has retained his capacity to use his preconscious functions more freely than is true of others who potentially may be equally gifted" (p. 57). Thus openness to inner experience is stressed.

My own studies of creative artists lead me to agree both with Kubie and with Schachtel. The more creative artist is open both to the external world and to his own inner psychic processes. His personality, as seen by means of interview, and by the Rorschach test, can be described as reflecting a wide experiencing range. He is capable of, and frequently given to extremes of responding and of structuring. There is also a great access to the preconscious layers, without necessarily any awareness of this greater access and without necessarily a capacity to verbalize the contents. This capacity to regress to preconscious levels is not true of productive persons who are not genuinely creative in the sense of creating "novel" products.

To the extent that Maslow's and Roger's definition of creativity in terms of the self-actualizing person is used every man who lives, moves, achieves an identity, becomes a real person, and lives an authentic life (as opposed to pseudo-life) is creative. Here being alive means achieving a personal identity rather than being molded into the dead, conventional "John Doe" persona. Life is a continual creative act to the extent that we live each day with an awareness of its novelty, its new potential, and the ever present opportunity to create oneself anew each day. The novelty may be minimal but the creative process is not measured in quantity. The creative process is the same in all men; the products vary greatly with talent, experience, training, intelligence and any other combination of factors. What is of primary value to each individual is that he be creative in some way. The quality, quantity or acknowledgment of the created product by society is of minimal importance, since by definition the creative person creates only for himself, and satisfies primarily the requirements of his own personal inner standard. The product, whatever its form, may or may not be useful to, or desired by, society. To be truly alive is to be creative.

The attitudes of young contemporary artists to their work, as well as their created products, appear to combine these two definitions of creativity. The "art object" becomes more and more a part of life and resists being placed in a museum. Art becomes in Marcuse's terms a "form of reality" in the total reconstruction of our environment. As such it is a political force and eventually changes the nature of reality. As such creativity is "dangerous" and generally widely opposed. The creative person, is by this part, as well as by the basic novelty of his perception alienated from his society and is very keenly aware of his alienation. However, where genuinely present the creative force is so strong that it insists on expressing itself in whatever forms are at the creative person's disposal.



CREATIVITY

by stephanie dudek



MAN EATERS AND PRETTY LADIES

by ann marie snapp

Thursday evening marked the opening of a new show at the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts, the first of the new season and based on the remains of the Pre-Columbian arena. Entitled Man-Eaters and Pretty Ladies, it will run at the museum until March 8.

There has been a private interest in Pre-Columbian art among local collectors for some years now. However, this is the first large scale attempt to share with the general public this fairly unfamiliar, under appreciated and totally fascinating artistic tradition. Coupled with the December exhibit at Galerie Godard Lefort, and the displays running concurrently with the Man-Eaters show at the Waddington and Lippel galleries, the new exhibit marks a fair explosion of interest in the area.

Mr. Leo Rosshandler, organizer of the exhibit, being well aware of the relative novelty of this sphere of the artistic im-

petus to the public has chosen to develop the show around illustrative rather than survey purposes: so as to provide the show-goer with the opportunity to develop an understanding of at least the fundamentals which ordered the development of the Pre-Columbian spectrum.

In order to do so, he has developed an almost "Expo-ish" approach to the exhibit, and it proves to be an extremely successful technique. Each section deals with a specific development in the evolution of the art forms concerned: labels, explanations, maps and huge blown-up photographs are to be found everywhere in an attempt to re-define, clarify and explore the surrounding artifacts more successfully. The exhibit organizers have woven the use of the local flute music into their program so as to introduce yet another dimension of the tapestry of life involved. In the same vein, they have even scattered throughout the exhibit archeological excavation of tombs which yielded so much of that which we now have today, so as to re-define the tie between the art form and the specific culture involved.

For the Man Eaters and Pretty Ladies are totally representative of a unique and vibrant art form. Mr. Rosshandler states that:

"This art, and it surely is art in the full sense of the word since it reveals a very special vision achieved through the most appropriate and, therefore, most perfect technique, evokes a feeling of profound tenderness and great sensitivity."

No other statement could perhaps sum up so clearly the entire fascination of this exhibit. There should be nothing tender about 950 individual items somehow squeezed into 3½ rooms, most of them three to four inches in height. The closest thing that comes to mind are toy soldiers to



pretty lady, play, chupicuaro, mexico ca. 400 b.c.

which I personally react with a warped sort of admiration for the collector who arranges and cares for the things, and maybe mild interest in the uniforms and types of soldiers involved. Yet, there is something remarkably endearing and gay about these tiny figures, a spirit, a respect for the clay involved which totally removes the figurines from the trite and mundane level and instead makes each one a very personal and private experience.

The Man-Eaters and Pretty Ladies of the title refers to two basic themes which seem to order the development of artistic forms of the period.

Pretty Ladies refers to the statuary found in tombs of what seems to have been a village based society, they and pottery seem to have been intended to provide comfort to the deceased in his final resting place.

The Man Eaters pertains specifically to the jaguar motif adopted by the Olmecs, first state society to develop in the Mexican sphere. Gradually this motif was worked into the facial structure of the statuary and abstracted into symbolic representation suitable for pottery.

It is in the fundamental nature of these two types of early artifacts that the show receives its

vitality and vibrance. The 'kittyish, gentle and domesticised Pretty Ladies contrast markedly with the stern, controlled and somehow fearsome Man-Eater. Yet they existed side-by-side as major motifs for the Mexican artisans for roughly 1,300 years, occasionally even intertwining within the same piece.

As an attempt at a controlled study of the dichotomy the show fails. It clearly belongs to the Pretty Ladies. This is partly due to the fact that the Man-Eaters are greatly outnumbered in the presentation; but the museum cannot be slighted in that what it has managed to gather has been adequate for illustrative purposes and stunning on the individual piece level.

Rather, the Pretty Ladies actually win the show under their own steam. The remarkable thing about the Man-Eater motif is the regimentation and uniformity created by the motif within all that it is used. Due to their homogeneity, the Man-Eaters as a group soon lose their sense of wonder. Not so the Pretty Ladies.

It is difficult to believe that so many Pretty Ladies could be gathered together and still retain their sense of individuality. Yet each Pretty Lady is a new adventure, their common function and stylistic modes do nothing to rob them of each of his own's unique and special personality.

They dance, fight among themselves, carry pots, care for children and play musical instruments. They can be flippant, contemplative, sad, smug and everything in between. All within the space of about three to four inches!

If there is any shortcoming within the Man-Eaters and Pretty Ladies show, it is that the museum in its enthusiasm has overwhelmed the viewer with a cornucopia of these tiny people from which it is hard to dig oneself out of. The very number of things to be viewed confounds, especially when nothing should be missed.

The museum set out to create a show around one particular aspect of Formative period, Pre-Columbian art, and by doing so, to provide the public with an eventual base towards appreciation of that art form. It can hardly be conceded otherwise but that they have been extremely successful in this regard. It must be pointed out however, that the Museum's program in the Man-Eaters and Pretty Ladies show is not solely dependant upon the exhibit itself. Concurrent with the exhibit on the second floor is a series of four lectures which will be given during the run of show by noted experts in the field of Pre-Columbian art and Archeology. A film has been made of one of the museum's current pieces on display, and will hopefully be shown throughout the run. And if one is truly daring, there is always the Mexican luncheon menu at the Stable Gallery.

An exhibit generally speaking, well worth attending.

Montreal Museum of Fine Arts, January 15-March 8, open from 10:00 to 4:45 except Monday. Students: 25 cents.



ON GRADE SIX SPELLING BOOKS and OTHER LIVING THINGS

by murray abramovitch

It is typical for us to commission the wrong doughdogs to bark the wrong trees, even to draft the jackal in the foxes' stead. But, in our pink riding suits, to mount our rockers for the wrong hunt altogether is beyond relief.

I am referring to that whalebelly body of literature and those ragamuffin reviewers whose choleric chirrups drop its finest to indistinction, then do the tour of church sisterhoods. And other yellowed anthologies.

We look and footnote these marooned captains as if there were some advantage to it. Till the English language becomes effeminate to violently impotent.

The richly deserving are the unsympathetic minds of the young, whose inspirations are lost to their inspiring others (to showers).

"I will hunt the rabbit.

He was killed last week."

Ah, how truth rhymes with youth, that starts with why. So simply scorching ancient hands and ruffling up more of her Royal Victoria fancy. Off on their sabbatical fuck hunt with others of their praying public.

"I live in a house made of ricks.

I will not throw a stone.

I will burn my house down."

Without a trace of bitterness. Crying out: things are as they are but not as they ought to be. Which is what we said but somehow it never sounded the same. So the innocent trump, jump as far as the wind will carry. To leave with no place to go is better than staying with no reason to stay. Because there is everywhere is ours and here is now here for nobody.

"He drove along the road.

He is very queer."

They know nothing articulating circles, gypsy waywagons, and wars to end wars of the world. And yet they wander wiser.

"There is dust here."

Are they seeing the masks or the faces. Hackneyed portraits of a stencilled lifelines. The critic will follow the plumb to his publisher (Toronto register) who will step down next month for and whatever. The two extend sympathetic hands, hack a laugh, a drink, then depart. There is rust here.

"Mother said I might pick a rose from her garden.

Deep, queer yellow flowers.

Yesterday flowers."

They remain innocent as long as they don't see yesterday. In this all the guilty live, supining in monostitched misery. Hoc hum. Bored with the dead they never knew.

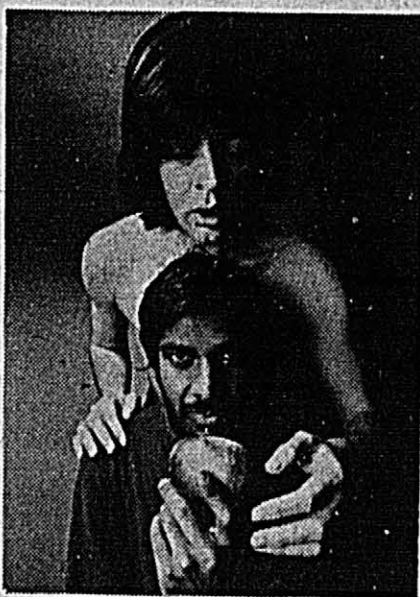
"Shakes, rubs rose dust."

None of that grating self-saned wordsworthian tripping over rainbows in the sky, those daffodilled dizzy raptures that always made me puke. Its Gulliver travelling to Lillyput to Brobdingnab to the country of the Houyhnhnms. Its Blake seeing heaven and higher. Its Charlie Brown.

"I fought with my sister something.

Because the bee will sting you."

There is love even in Lucy. There is none in the purging pen of bitter age. That is the root of a tree, so kudos to little girls playing jacks.



THE ARCHITECT AND THE EMPEROR OF ASSYRIA

NOW AT THE CENTAUR THEATRE

by mary swaine

I walked into the Centaur Theatre, and found myself alone, except for the stage (the concept and mis-en-scene of which I later found out, via the Program, was called "Savage God", the working name for the approach developed by John Juliani over the past few years, mainly on the West Coast.)

After seeing the stage, the play itself was unnecessary, in the sense that the stage was Arabal. The essence of the setting, contained in the fact that it is a heap of things covered with sawdust and sacking, is metaphorically-speaking the essence of The Architect and the Emperor of Assyria. Visible, although disguised, are such things as a swastika, a couple of thrones, a hammer-and-sickle, a Jesus-type cross, bathtub, refrigerator, coke bottles etc. In short, mental chaos.

I should say, rather, that Arabal's The Architect and the Emperor, as directed and interpreted by Jean-Pierre Ronfard, and enacted by Roger Blay (architect) and Errol Sitahal (the Emperor) reflects the unadorned stage, for Arabal's manuscripts are written as psychotherapy, as alternatives to suicide, and as such are lengthy and random outpourings of his subconscious. The job of the director of one of his plays is thus somewhat like that of the director of a "mosaic-type film", who must choose and assemble, from a random assortment of film scenes, those which best suit his purpose, and mould them together to form a unity in themselves. Usually a director must cut out 9/10 of Arabal's material, and render comprehensible the other 1/10.

Jean-Pierre Ronfard has interpreted Arabal's play within a human, as opposed to a philosophical or psychological, framework. That is, philosophically-speaking, I found the play essentially worthless, and psychologically it did not hit me. On the other hand, from a human point of view there are many beautiful moments. Despite the fact that the play is a direct slur on God, religion, society (civilized), life, television and coca-cola the play is at the same time intensely spontaneous and warm, perhaps because Arabal writes for a therapeutic purpose and no other.

Arabal sees the world in a childlike, naive manner. At the same time, partially because of its childishness, his view is slightly surrealistic in that it is in a sense insane. I do not mean insane as insanity is generally understood, viz, as a psychological condition, but rather Arabal's insanity is insanity in a constructive sense, as it contributes to an often surrealistic view of the universe. This view is childlike in that it is untouched by sociological or psychological boxing-gloves (i.e. views towards concrete morality, interpretation of life, creation of a work of intrinsic value, purpose, potential, etc.)

The story, which exists outside as opposed to within the words is set on a desert island, upon which the only original inhabitant is the (savage) Architect. A shipwreck occurs, the sole survivor being the self-proclaimed Emperor of Assyria, who teaches the noble savage about philosophy, pinball machines, architecture, TV, and harem-slaves; in general, about civilization as seen, paradoxically untainted, from the point-of-view of his own particular neuroses. The Architect, whose only virtue is the ability to move mountains, talk to the animals, and change day into night, is slowly subject to the process of civilization, with what I suppose would be called the "appropriate" result.

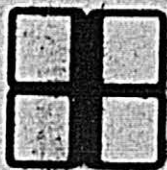
The acting of Roger Blay is the major contributor to Arabal's childlike mood — the Architect is full of a naive wisdom, which occasionally, usually by means of a smile, although also through a comic action or speech at an appropriate time falls over into insanity or sophistication. Roger Blay's Architect is not merely the gentle savage, his acting rather complements and seems directed around the more ponderous and obviously "civilized" approach taken by Errol Sitahal (the Emperor). That is, his savagery grows around and encircles the unnatural, civilized, and psychologically messed-up Emperor, instead of serving as either a

foil for, or an autonomous agent apart from, the Emperor.

The Emperor himself tended to shout too much, and hence detracted slightly from the spirit of Arabal, although of course in a sense he was not intended to "contribute" to it.

The Architect and The Emperor is not psychologically arresting, despite the obvious psychological drama enacted therein, probably precisely because Arabal's style is disjointed non-purposeful, and psychotherapeutic. The play has no "point", despite the fact that God, religion, and the coca-cola society are put down throughout, and for this reason is human, viz, existentially valuable, with Buberian "I-Thou's" happening all over the place. There is no end, or purpose to Arabal's work, and similarly, there is almost no thematic essence, no focal or central point around which the play revolves. Rather, it flows, simultaneously and spontaneously as the words are spoken, despite the fact that there is often no logical continuity within the Architect-Emperor dialogue.

A beautiful job was done by Jean-Pierre Ronfard, Roger Blay, and Errol Sitahal in retaining this "unattached" atmosphere, and for seizing this spontaneity and "human music" as the focal point for a play which has none. Precisely due to its very unusual, almost total spontaneity, insanity and lack of purpose, viz, its total humanity, I thought the play beautiful. The question presents itself, of course, whether some intellectual (e.g. psychological) depth could in fact improve the "quality" of the play, if, for example, the Emperor had been a Negro instead of an Indian. For those who interest themselves in the intellectual attributes of a play. The Architect and the Emperor of Assyria could be found wanting, but from the existential point of view, I think this is a beautiful presentation.



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TROJAN WOMEN

by linda marchand

MAX BILL EXHIBITION

by john bandiera



Galerie Godard Multiples
During the month of January

Aw C'mon Max!

Max Bill rates as one of the golden oldies of modern art and design. One of the original group of students at the renowned Bauhaus School in Germany, the Swiss born Bill studied under Paul Klee as well as other renowned artists. He also qualifies as an artistic Mister everything being adept in many areas of painting, sculpture and design.

Bill's works are clean, cool, rational, unemotional, mathematical, precise and self-contained in other words German. I respect the works which are now showing at the Galerie Godard Lefort for their well thought out mathematical treatment of colour and pattern, but as far as I'm concerned they have no soul at all.

This however, is not always characteristic of Bill. His bronze sculptures (none of which are included in this showing) are also oriented to mathematical exactitude yet there is something a great deal more sensuous in the soft, graceful flow of line which is to be found in them. Thus there is a harmonious balance of art and science within them.

This harmony I feel is lacking in the current showing for the works lean too drastically toward scientific aspect and as such exist purely for themselves as technical exercises. The many framed silkscreened prints which are on display consist of variations on the arrangement of equal-sized coloured squares. The tensions produced by the opposition of various colours are really not all that exciting, which in view of Bill's extensive training in colour theory leads me to believe that this is not primary importance to him.

I think that his main interest was to offset an overall outward appearance or first impression of disorder with an inner essence of true order and patterned precision. To demonstrate the inherent order which exists even in chaos is a worthwhile artistic theme but his prints tend to state their meaning almost as an after thought. one finds oneself searching for the pattern which lies in the arrangement of the squares (the variations are infinite), but once this task is accomplished and the mathematical technique is finally discovered it comes more as a relief than a revelation.

I refuse to believe that a work which takes itself so very seriously such that its physical nature is of the utmost importance can possess any significant meaning for me. Works such as these are objects to be bought and sold and they exist as "things" rather than as true communicating entities. Once you learn Bill's technique there is nothing more to know.

In various other works Max Bill's Bauhaus training consistently shows through. He has an interest in expanding the possibilities of materials and of structure and design. Hence the exhibition includes a "variable multiple" which consists of panels printed with a silkscreen process on Polyester Plastic. The panels carry geometric designs and can be joined with others in an unlimited number of ways. This is interesting, but in an age where such unlikely things as cornfields are becoming artistic mediums, Bill's multiples are not as important as they might have been in 1927.

Technically speaking, Max Bill is a fine artist but I feel that he has little to offer that hasn't already been overstated.

Adolescent humour aside, there is something ironic about the present production of Trojan Women at the Loyola Chapel.

According to press rumour, the Catholic college is still caught up in struggle, this one between a 'now' chaplain and the 'ancient' forces of the Loyola hierarchy. Trojan Women, by the Greek playwright Euripides, deals with the intense suffering of a proud nation at the end of a long murderous war. Although it is accidental, the juxtaposition of the two themes could leave a funny feeling.

Trojan Women is a beautiful play, and director Maxim Mazundar, a 17-year old student who has done theatre in Bombay and the Bristol Rep, has a fresh, interesting approach to the classic. He has (horrors) revised the script, but (relief) the re-write seems strong and valid.

But... this should be a play which may not appeal to the Friday-night-play-goer. It is a tragedy on a basic level, containing no distinct plot. Dealing

with conflict and suffering, it is tragedy at its peak, the articulation of "man's inhumanity to man". It is an artistic, not a commercial play.

This play presents a challenge as a first serious production for the director and cast of the Loyola Musical Theatre Society: it couldn't be farther away from the musical comedies they originally set out to do. Loyola, unlike McGill (somewhat), doesn't have an active drama department but they intend to produce five productions - leaving them second only to Montreal's Centaur Theatre.

There's a spirit of daring and experiment which pervades Mazundar's production. His reason for producing this work are, he says, "because I like it", and because a similar classical production a couple of years ago fell flat on its face and members of the school's Classics department felt that this was an impossible production... especially for such a young director. They may well be wrong.

With the script revisions, any modern connotations to the production would be those of an "anti-war" play. But any modernizing of the script was actually directed towards the characters; they have become, in this production, a little less marble, a little more human... but no less tragic.

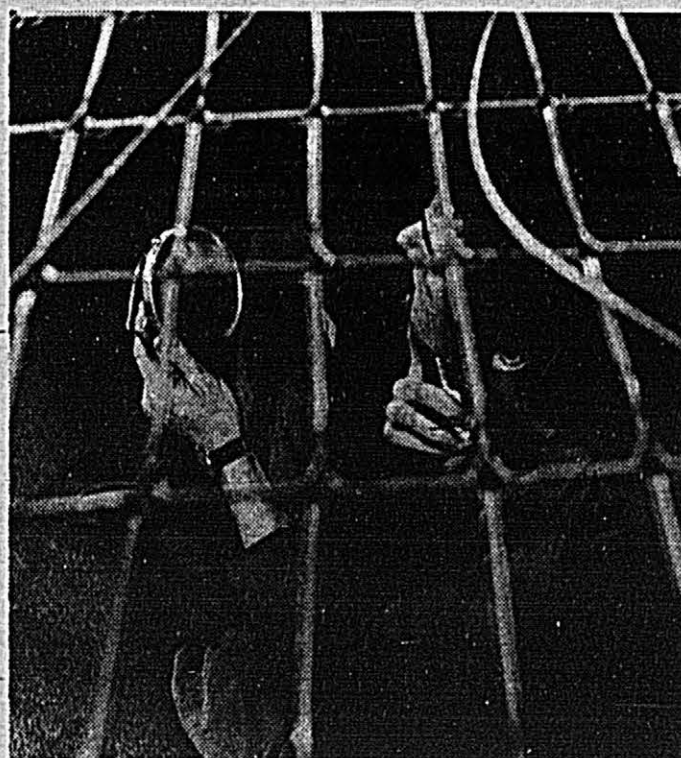
The impact of a Greek tragedy, by a Greek dramatist who mocked his own Gods, being presented in the dimly lit sanctuary of a church, should be impressive. Such a stark setting should match any choreography of the play's tragic figures gliding their way through the shades of gloom.

The play is poetry at its best and its beauty should not fail to come across if the production lives up to the director's expectations. There is a strange dignity and beauty in the movement of tragedy, and a skillful job by Mazundar could make a highly valuable addition to the college productions of this season.



BATTLE MAKE-UP

by john peters



Was it only last Spring that "The Threepenny Opera" was playing to packed apartments in the Union Theatre! Ah, past glories, how they kill the present! For, as I sit in my sumptuous office, I am conscious of the testing time the Players are going through.

We should have had a major production been and gone by this time, but due to personnel problems, acts of God et cetera, all we could show for the first term was Sandwich Theatre and a mime workshop.

It looks like things are settling down now. Those in power have realized it's no use waiting for better times, the times are now. So the second term is exciting in its diversity and size of pro-

gram, frightening in the work load.

We've already had the "Bread & Puppet Theatre" in from New York, and I pity all who missed them. In February they'll be a Latin tragi-comedy and a lunch-time show by Gilles Mahieu's Mime Troupe (be prepared for a minimal charge for this). A program of five French plays will run in the evenings of the first half of March, - then - in the last week of March the Players cheerfully commit suicide presenting The Tempest. Don't make any judgements on this yet, because the reasoning behind the choice is fairly tangential to the normal bases of choice.

Zooming back to the present and speaking in near lights, we

have on the 27th January the Grand Opening of "Something for Everyone" a dramatic extravaganza in two plays. First is "Muzeeka" by John Guare which takes care of irony, non-traditional presentation and topicalities of America; then there is "The Real Inspector Hound" which takes the rest of the theatrical gamut. Both plays are very funny, both casts are inexperienced, both directors are seen daily on their prayer mats.

And as the seat is lifted and you bid us fond adieu and a stoned-out A.S.M. drops the curtain in act two, it's only egomania that will see us bugges through.

Something's Cometh.



COMING EVENTS

BACK DOOR

Until next week: **SONNY TERRY** and **BROWNIE MCGHEE**
CENTAUR THEATRE, 453 St. Francois Xavier
Until Jan 31: **CRABDANCE**
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MONTREAL MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS

Until March: **MAN-EATERS**
and **PRETTY LADIES**. Pre-
Columbian art.

PLACE DES ARTS

Tonight at 8:30 — **Mireille Mathieu** in **Salle Wilfred Pelletier**.

Tonight at 8:30 — **RENE CLAUDE** in **Theatre Maisonneuve**.

THEATRE DU NOUVEAU MONDE

Tonight and tomorrow:
'Tambours et Trompettes'
by Bertolt Brecht. In Thea-
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Tonight from 12:30 until 6:00
A.M. tomorrow: **STREET-
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week it's piano Blues, featur-
ing the likes of Memphis Slim,
Jack Dupree, Louise John-
son and more. Jerome Cho-
quette mouths off in heated
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Watkins on 'The Canadianiza-
tion of Canada'. The Investi-
tor — an underground satire
of 1953 about Joseph McCar-
thy's reign of terror.

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Starting Jan. 25: The **ELECTRO-
NIC BED** by Arleigh Pe-

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Clure — Plastics; Gabriele
Schmidt — Macramé.

CINEMATHEQUE CANA- DIENNE, 1700 St. Denis.

Tonight at 7:30 — **FRANKEN-
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9:30 — **THE KISS BEFORE
THE MIRROR** U.S.A. 1933.

today

(Continued from page 4)

CURLING CLUB (men): First
game of League A for this term —
important T.M.R. Curling Club.
12:45 — 5:30 p.m.

**WOMEN'S INTERCOLLEGIATE
VOLLEYBALL**: Game against
Queens. Come and cheer this
team on! Currie Gym. 11:00 a.m.
CHINESE STUDENT SOCIETY:
Basketball Practice. Orient-
Bowl work-out. Currie Gym.
3:30 p.m.

P.G.S.S. Mixer. 2 guests per
member. 25 cents cover charge.
3650 McTavish P.G.S.S. Center.
9:00 p.m. — 2:00 a.m.

SAVOY SOCIETY: Makeup re-
hearsal for all female chorus
members. Sandwich Theatre
make-up room. 1:00 p.m.

FIGURE SKATING: Urgent prac-
tice — ALL team members at-
tend!! Winter Stadium. 10:00 —
12:00 noon.

MEN'S JUDO: Coupe-de-Quebec.
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de Brébeuf. 3200 Côte-Ste-
Catherine.

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Prison Thawing

Lise Rose 19/1/70
Prison Thawing

by Ric White

La Boutique de Soleil, a small informal art gallery in Old Montreal was the scene for an auction of Lise Rose's paintings and drawings. The auction was sponsored by the Lise Rose Committee for the Defence of Political Prisoners.

Lise, held for a variety of charges — violation of War Measures Act, withholding information, contempt of court — provided about 50 pictures which she has done over the last two years. For auction were some portraits of Sergeant Lis-son Cheque which were smuggled out of jail.

These portraits led to the identification of the guard whom she claimed beat her. Above the drawing she wrote the words "Recherche: pour lachete et brutalites en '70-71 pendant la loi d'urgence". On the sergeant's face she had drawn the swastika.

The base price for the bidding ranged from twenty dollars to three hundred and fifty for a painting she did in prison. The paintings themselves were, by this reporter's layman standards, pretty good. Most were of faces, very colourful and interesting, though rather repetitive.



Enjoy yourself...
Take five
for 50 ale
Move with the
50 crowd



The people present seemed to be a mixture of French and English, young and old. A surprising aspect about this auction is that it was organized by a group of English women.

Howe now...

(Continued from page 1)

One of the main components of New Left ideology, in Howe's analysis, is "the counter-myth of the Third World, which unlike the Soviet Union or China does not have any precise location and can be filled with the heart's desire."

New Left opposition to Israel, he said, is based both on that of the Third World, "which contains the noted revolutionary governments of Saudi Arabia and Kuwait," and on the fact that Israel is a democracy with a "practically unsullied tradition of civil liberties." New Leftists "have a contempt for liberal values, which is very different from having a contempt for liberal politics."

"Suppose that Moshe Dayan were to declare a provisional revolutionary government in Israel tomorrow and abolish the labour unions and the kibbutzim, put Golda Meir in an old age home, send Abba Eban into exile in Tanzania, and suspend civil liberties for the duration of the emergency, which means in the verbiage of such regimes, until my grandmother becomes a streetcar," Howe proposed acidly.

"Then I guarantee that Jean Paul Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir would be on the next plane to write a book about the great achievements of the Israeli revolution, and New Left students would be volunteering in droves to harvest the crops."

LETTERS...

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can be accused of these acts of treacherous trickery and lots more. There is sufficient reason to insult Mr. Choquette and his government at Sir George as well as anywhere else. Yet I'd put this question to those interrupted Mr. Choquette: Shouldn't this man have been given the right to state his case and then questioned? Why all the jeering and unrest during his speech? The justice minister is a "fascist pig"; that may very well be so. Those who said this and didn't give him a chance to speak, are THEY "fascist pigs"? I think so; for if they weren't they would have let the man talk, pure or unpure, whatever he may be!

Ivan Pietrantonio

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Pucksters cream Vert et Or 10-1

by Allan Tanny

Alex Manson started off Wednesday night's game against the Sherbrooke Vert et Or with two thundering bodychecks, and Garth Ryan ended it with a tremendous check right at center ice. In between, Doug Crossley and Dave Roxburgh each scored three goals as the Redmen outscored Le Vert et Or 10-1, outshot them 60-21, and literally pounded them right out of the rink.

Crossley and Roxy with Jim Yates as their new linemate, played great hockey. The line accounted for six goals and Crossley was a virtual one man demolition squad, throwing his body around with authority.

Roxy opened the scoring with a low shot from the face-off circle which caught the far corner. He followed this up less than two minutes later with an almost identical shot from the other side. Three minutes after that, he set up Crossley with a drop pass while on a three on one break. In between his goal scoring, Roxy was treating everyone to a tremendous display of backchecking.

With the score 3-0, and McGill shorthanded, John Donnelly stickhandled across the blue-line, getting by three men, and then fed Wayne Barrow a perfect pass, sending Wayne in all alone. That made it 4-0.

Crossley rounded out the first period scoring by knocking in a rebound after Jim Yates had done all the spadework.

The Redmen hit early in the second period, Roxy netting his hat trick at the 24 second mark. George Jamieson, John Donnelly, and Garth Ryan also tallied, bringing the score to 9-0 at the end of the second.

The pace slowed in the third period, both teams scoring once. Crossley netted his third, once again being set up by Yates. Oh yes, Sherbrooke finally scored, breaking Norm Lord's shutout on a very questionable goal. Norm actually caught the puck, but the referee ruled that he either caught the puck in the net, or else he brought it into the net after he caught it. The goal judge never did flash the red light.

It must be mentioned that Sherbrooke is in second place in their league, behind Loyola, with a record of 6-1-1. Although they only dressed twelve players last night, it just didn't make a difference. The way the Redmen played, they could have beaten any college team in the country.

For the first time this year, they played up to their potential - skating well, passing well, forechecking, backchecking and most of all, doing what they should be best at, hitting. It could have been the announcement that there will be intercollegiate hockey at McGill next

year. But whatever it was, they were great.

Sherbrooke is a good team, but the Redmen pressure was relentless. Several times, Le Vert et Or were bottled up in

their own zone for up to two or three minutes at a time.

Many of the Redmen played their best game of the year. Aside from the trio of Crossley, Roxburgh and Yates, several other Redmen were outstanding - most notably John Donnelly and Alex Manson. Donnelly finally played the way he should be - hitting, controlling the play, and shooting with deadly accuracy.

Manson, who was playing poorly early in the season, has improved a hundred percent. He

was carrying the puck really well, and it was his display of bodychecking early in the game that seemed to spark the Redmen.

The next game is against Laval. It's an important one, a must for the Redmen and it will be played tonight in the Winter Stadium beginning at 8 pm. After the way the Redmen played Wednesday night they deserve your support.

SLAPSHOTS: There will be a puck shooting contest Friday night... Winner will receive

a \$5 first prize... If there is no winner, next week's prize will be \$10.... There have been three new additions to the Redmen since the season started - Jim Pitt, a defenceman, Jim Yates, left wing, and John Gilles, a right winger who played defence Wednesday night.... Sherbrooke changed goalies in the middle of the second period... the second goalie was an absolute master at dirty play... his favorite move was catching the puck in his glove hand while slashing a Redman with his stick at the same time.

But hoopsters cut it closer

by Herschy Katz

As one astute observer called it, the basketball Redmen eked out another "cardiac arrest" win, this time 98-95 over the MacDonald Aggies out in Beaconsfield Wednesday night. Because of this unhealthy habit of the Redmen (remember the Carleton game) a heart-lung machine may be added to the first aid kit.

Aside from providing a traumatic shock the win proved a point. As co-captain Mike Reid put it, "We can come back from a 25 point deficit and still win." But spotting a 25 point lead (actually it was 23) to the opposition, especially to the MacDonald Aggies, is not as easy as it seems.

You have to give the ball away a lot, which the Redmen did 17 times in the first half. You have to let the opposition take untested shots at the basket, which the Redmen did too many times to count. And you have to commit a lot of fouls and hope that the opposition sinks all its free throws. The Aggies were quite obliging to the Redmen on this count as they dropped 20/23 free-throws from the charity stripe.

All this led to a 56-37 half-time lead for the home squad. To jolt his charges out of their lethargic state of being coach Mooney had all his players lick their index fingers before sticking them into light sockets. Mooney volunteered as a subject for mouth-to-mouth resuscitation from one of the Red Cross instructors at the MacDonald pool.

Needless to say the Redmen came to life in the second half. Although they gave up two quick buckets to the collegians from MacDonald, the Redmen began to whittle away at the seemingly insurmountable lead.

Jenri Janssen and Bill Holt led the charge as Janssen scored 15 of his 22 points and Holt collected 9 of his 16 rebounds in the final 20 minutes. Howie Roseman also showed his potential as he came alive to end up potting 14 points while gathering in 9 rebounds.

These three were not the only contributors as all those who saw action hit the score sheet. The guards started co-ordinating their plays with the forwards and as a result the Redmen were not as generous with the ball as they were in the first half. Under their own boards the Redmen defence began to tighten up. The hoopsters

pressed harder and did not allow the MacDonald green and gold to shoot freely.

For the sake of dramatics the Redmen let their opponents slip away before catching them at 79-78 with seven minutes to go. From there the score seesawed back and forth as many gravel pill popping spectators will attest to.

With a minute left to play and the score 94-93 in our favour, the Redmen got the biggest break of the game. An errant pass that appeared to go off Bill Holt's hand out of bounds was awarded

back to the Redmen. The Red and White made no mistake on this opportunity as Janssen scored from in close to extend the margin to three.

The Aggies came back quickly with Dave Guld, easily the best man on the court, scoring his 35th and 36th points. A foul by the Aggies allowed Chad Gaffield to collect the final two points of the game with only ten seconds remaining in the contest.

At the buzzer this writer tried to find coach Mooney for a statement on his team's comeback. However he was unavailable for

comment at that time. He was later found emptying out his shoe in a urinal in the laboratory next to the gym.

Double Dribbles: Other Redmen scorers were Gaffield and Fraid with 13 each, Holt with 12 Kennard and Reid with 8, Sandman and Swindon with 4, and Iscoe with 2... Next game is against U of Ottawa away this Saturday evening at 8 pm... On a Saturday night this game rates as the number one attraction in our nation's capital... If you're going to Ottawa this weekend, the U of O gym is the place to be...

JVs unsung and unseen in victories

by Issie and Laurie

The Junior Varsity Basketball team is in the process of engendering perhaps the only significant achievement in an otherwise disappointing sports year at McGill. With less than half the season to play the Indians still boast an unblemished record of 6 victories and no defeats. They maintained this dubious distinction thanks to two triumphs, one unseen and the other unsung, since the start of the new year.

Unseen was last Saturday's encounter against CMR, as these two reporters were occupied with loftier pursuits. Somehow the team was able to gain the upper edge, 97-86, despite the absence of their two most dedicated fans. Apparently the game was as close as the score would indicate, although this is pure conjecture on our part. What meagre morsels we did scrounge up was that the Indians jumped out to an eleven point deficit early in the first quarter, but were quite fortunately bailed out by the Fearsome Three-some, the identities of whom we cannot divulge for fear that Glenn, Abe, and Kevin would get even with us.

Unsung is an appropriate description of Tuesday's game, the victims this time being the Purps from Loyola. Unsung it was for several reasons. Firstly, for the poor turnout of fans to view the crucial contest. Secondly, for the much improved calibre of the J.V.'s, whose maturity as a team is becoming quite evident. And lastly, but by no means least, for the post-game vocal contortions of John

Derby, who much to the chagrin of his team-mates, broke into a sporadic chorus of "I go limp over you" - an effort that can only be described as... unsung.

On the serious side, Big Bad John did break into the lineup for the first time this season, and to say his presence was felt is an understatement. Severely hampered by torn cartilages, stretched ligaments, chipped bones, or merely a frayed patience, Derby was the dominating force under the boards and seemed to be capable of driving through Loyola as well. His performance earned him 18 points, an impressive total considering his

disabilities.

It was by no means a one-man show, however, as the scoring was well distributed throughout the whole team. Abe Benaroya counted his usual 17 points. Ted Laan stood out with 15, including a few key field goals that more than stalled any semblance of a Loyola comeback. Glenn Marshall contributed 14 points, and Cliff Bochner 10.

The next game is tonight in the Currie Gym at 6:15. Try and make it to the game. Your presence would be appreciated. As Coach Mooney is known to say, "Where would we all be without athletic supporters?"

Ross is the J.V. hockey boss

by Big Al and Bets

Though the J.V. hockey season is half over, for McGill's Indians and their coach, Ken Ross, it has only begun. Ostensibly Ross was just the impetus that the Indians needed, for under his tutelage, they have succeeded in winning two of their last three games. Ross has changed a somewhat disenchanted, unmotivated team into a unified fighting force. The Indians were suffering as a result of former Coach Doty's own problems. Unlike Ross, this was a fulltime job for Doty, and he was concerned about his future, or lack of it, in the McGill sporting scene.

Despite McGill's resurgence, Ross has not had to make any dramatic changes in team strategy. He has put more emphasis on the fundamentals that are necessary in the game of hockey - "hustling, skating and team play".

Last night at Loyola, McGill showed the success of this strategy, as they destroyed a surprised Sir George squad 10-5. Captain Bob O'Reilly, a defenceman, was brought up to center a line with McFadden and Rottenberg. The Trio responded with six goals, two each, for the night. Other goals for McGill were scored by Chartrand, Sponder, LaBreque and Schlora.

McGill got off to a slow start and were trailing by two goals after only ten minutes of play. However, the team did not give up and succeeded in playing inspired hockey the rest of the game. They entered the third period with a 6-5 lead. Ross' emphasis on conditioning paid off as the Indians scored four unanswered goals in the final period. For the Indians and Ken Ross, victory was a satisfying one.

Next game... Saturday... McGill contra Loyola... Loyola 5 pm.